



NEW! LA FRANCE WITH DEODORIZER

Not only whitens and brightens...
it keeps your clothes fresher longer

Here's News! Now La France Instant Bluing and Nylon Brightener not only whitens and brightens dingy nylons and cottons—it deodorizes and freshens them, too. With a freshness that *lasts*.

An amazing new ingredient has been added that destroys odor-producing germs. Keeps your clothes fresh and odor-free *even while you wear them*.

Try new La France with Deodorizer next time you wash. It whitens and brightens and kills odor-producing germs—yet it's safe and gentle enough for even baby's things. Diapers, too.



**EASY! NO EXTRA
STEP NEEDED!
ADD LA FRANCE
WITH YOUR
DETERGENT!**

Now available
in a 12-ounce
family size



Tested and approved by Household Products Center at General Foods Kitchens.

EDITED FOR THE PEOPLE OF DELAWARE VALLEY, U.S.A.

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Today We Remember:

AN ENTERPRISING Philadelphian of the early 1800's, Peter A. Browne, persuaded friends to join him in building the first arcade in this Country, patterned on the Burlington Arcade in London, England. They bought the site of Carpenter's Mansion on the north side of Chestnut st. midway between 6th and 7th sts. for \$42,500 and engaged famed architect, John Haviland. The cornerstone of the Romanized Regency-style building was laid May 3, 1828. With 150-foot marble fronts on both Chestnut and Ransstead sts., it was completed in 1828 at a cost of \$112,000.

Two avenues roofed with glass extending from street to street, were lined with 80 shops. In the basement David Gibbs' oysterhouse fed many prominent citizens, mainly politicians. Its third floor housed the museum started by artist Charles Willson Peale in his own home and operated after his death in 1827 by his sons, Franklin and Titian. From Arcade offices the Public Ledger published its first edition March 25, 1836. Unlike many of Haviland's creations—the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (now Museum College of Art), the old Franklin Institute (now Atwater Kent Museum), the Arcade flourished but briefly. Its shops brought \$6470 in rent and the museum, \$7970, yet it early went into the red. After the museum moved to its own building in 1838, the Arcade converted the top floor to a hotel. The Ledger moved away in 1840 and in 1855 the Arcade's neighbor toward 6th st., the Chestnut Street Theater, was torn down. Finally in 1860 Dr. David Jayne replaced the Arcade with "modern stores." Today a parking lot occupies most of the land where the Arcade stood.

ON THE COVER

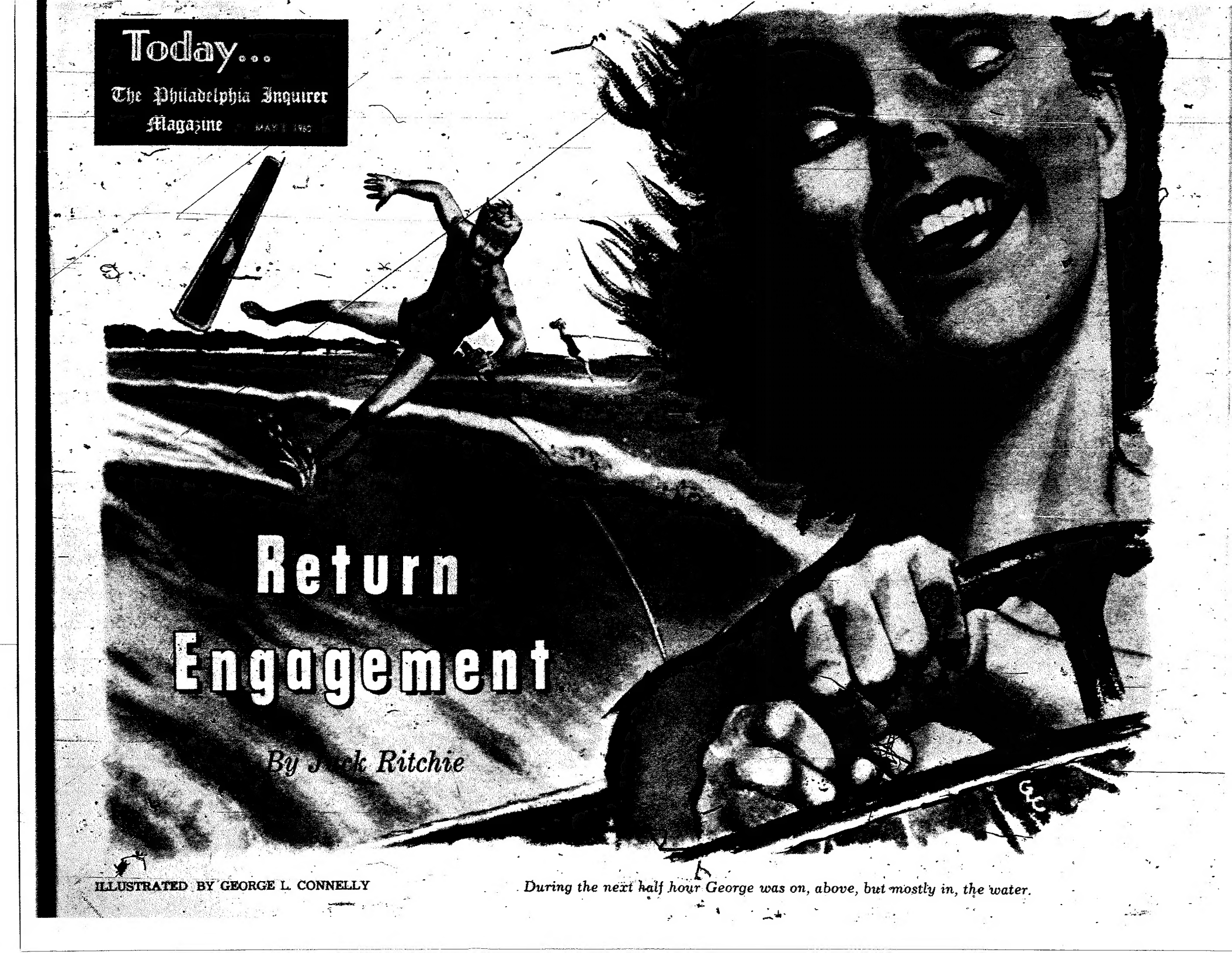
THIS painting by Ben Eisenstat shows one of the walks in Memorial Park, Bristol, Pa. From spring until autumn the trees bear a canopy of leaves that completely shade the walks. To the left are an old mill and a remnant of the Bristol-Easton Canal. Trees, walks, mill and canal combine to create a sort of southern European atmosphere. Memorial Park is a gift to the town from former U.S. Senator Joseph R. Grundy, a longtime Bristol resident. For more paintings of scenes in this Bucks county community, which was laid out in 1897 and incorporated as a borough in 1720, turn to Pages 38 and 39.



THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER MAGAZINE, MAY 1, 1960

Today...

The Philadelphia Inquirer
Magazine MAY 1, 1960



Return Engagement

By Jack Ritchie

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE L. CONNELLY

During the next half hour George was on, above, but mostly in, the water.

Return Engagement

By Jack Ritchie

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE L. CONNELLY

During the next half hour George was on, above, but mostly in, the water.

"ON A rainy day like this," I said, "I usually like to curl up with a good book and go to sleep."

Harry Elliot shook his head. "How old are you, George?"

"Pushing 28, but it seems like so much more."

"That's the trouble with you, George," he said. "You're a soft and unversatile lawyer. These days even the high school Latin teacher busts Broncos, the real estate man boxes the compass, and the truck driver scares wildlife with his flash camera." He tapped his chest. "I, for instance, am an accountant. But outside of the office I water ski."

"Do you recommend that everybody take up water skiing?" I asked.

Harry watched a gentle plume of cigaret smoke drift from his mouth and then looked at me. "I believe in letting every man think for himself."

We were both in Phyllis Hudson's

living room, waiting for her to come downstairs to straighten up the matter of which one of us she was supposed to be dating this afternoon.

"You've got to develop a zest for living," Harry said. "Stimulate the old corpuscles." He flexed an arm. "Just listen to that muscle tone."

Madge Hudson, Phyllis' younger sister, came out of the kitchen with a tray of lemonade. She had dark hair, violet eyes, and a tendency to be intelligent.

"We are born, we live, we die," I said sadly. "With but a fleeting moment of ecstasy here and there to relieve the monotony."

Madge was curious. "Did you ever have any fleeting moments of ecstasy, George?"

"Well, no, but I'm still hoping."

Phyllis appeared at the head of the stairs. "Do you think it will stop raining?"

"The rain is tapering off," Harry said cheerfully. "Old Sol will be beaming his fool head off in a few minutes."

"High today 84," I said. "Low 68. Discomfort Index 74."

"Oh," Phyllis said. "Are you here too, George?"

"There seems to be some misunderstanding," I said. "Harry thinks you're going water skiing with him and I was under the impression that we'd go to that lecture on the vast Niagara escarpment extending into the Great Lakes."

Phyllis came down the stairs. "I don't see how this could happen. I usually have a pretty good memory. When did you phone, George?"

"Well, I didn't exactly call. I just thought you might have been looking forward to this ever since I mentioned it last month." I chuckled. "It's Professor Thomas. He can put more wit and wry humor into the study of geol-

ogy than anyone I've ever listened to."

"I'm sorry, George," Phyllis said. "But phone calls take priority and I have to consider Harry's feelings. He and I are going to the lake."

When they were gone, I sighed. "You wouldn't be interested in the Niagara escarpment, Madge?"

"George," she said firmly, "do you realize that Harry is taking her away from you?"

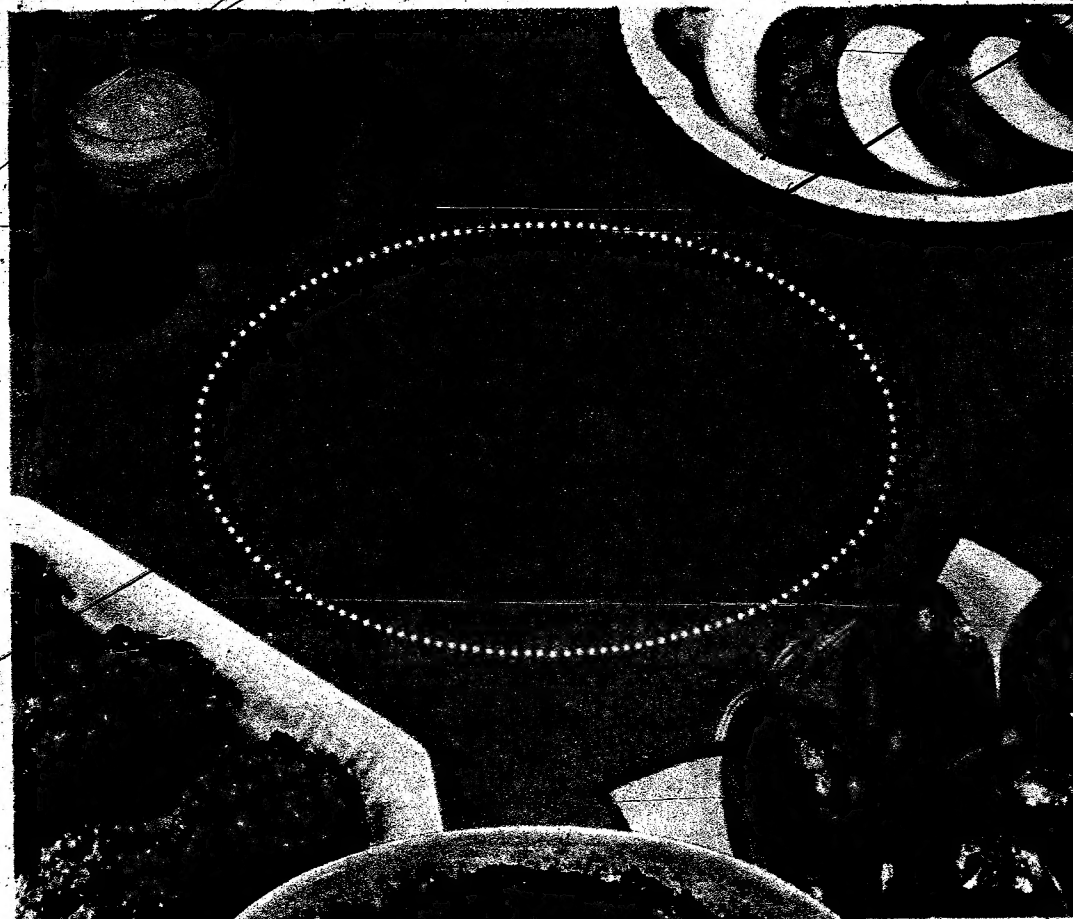
"He is?"

"Of course. How long have Phyllis and you been engaged?"

"Four years. Give or take a month."

"Are you trying for the record?" She spoke earnestly. "George, you've got to meet Harry's challenge on his own ground. Or rather, water. You know that Phyllis has become crazy about the outdoors and the athletic type ever since she discovered that

(Continued on Page 44)



Seabrook Farms Creamed Spinach

Turn tonight's dinner into something special with Creamed Spinach, another of Seabrook Farms new frozen Prepared

Return Engagement

(Continued From Page 7)

lotion which makes her tan and not burn. You've got to strap water skis on your feet and get in there and fight."

I was dubious. "That might be rather clumsy."

"We're going to the lake, too," Madge said firmly. "We'll rent a boat and water skis and I'll tow you around and let you do acrobatics."

The lake was a 20-minute drive away and after we parked my car we met Phyllis and Harry walking down to the water.

He shifted the water skis he was carrying. "Don't tell me the Niagara escarpment goes all the way out here?"

"As a matter of fact, it does, Harry," I said. "You see that ridge? Well, it extends..."

"We're going water skiing," Madge said aggressively.

Harry regarded me with skepticism. "Him?"

"Of course," Madge said. "Why not? He's put together fairly nice. George, take off your shirt."

"It goes right down to the water," I said. "And forms those islands you see in the distance."

"I'm going to have to watch this," Harry said. "I'll give it my undivided attention. But I wish I had a motion picture camera with me."

Madge and I rented a pair of skis and a motorboat and put on

our swimming suits. She brought the boat close to shore, and I lowered myself into the shallow water.

"It's simple," Madge said. "I read a booklet about it once. Just slip into the skis and crouch in the water. And relax."

The boat pulled me forward and up on the water. After about 20 yards I lost one of the skis and fell.

I distinctly heard Harry's laugh carry across the water.

Madge brought the boat back to me. "Try being a little bit tense this time, George. That might do it."

During the next half hour I was on, above, but mostly in, the water.

Madge finally gave up and brought me back to shore.

"I've never seen anything like it," Harry said. "Weren't you skiing backward at one time?"

"Sometimes George likes to see where he's been," Madge said loyally.

Phyllis' smile was thoughtful, but she said nothing.

Harry regarded me critically. "You're big enough, but you're soft. That's the trouble with most Americans these days."

I nodded. "Not like the old days. We may be brighter and bigger and live longer, but we do it in a flabby way."

Harry pounded his chest. "I sleep on a hard mattress."



Welsh Winkie

SLEEPER! STROLLER! WALKER!

Now is the time to get baby out of doors and into the fresh air and sunshine. The best and easiest way to do it is to put baby in a Winkie Sleeper-Stroller. It's lightweight, rolls easily and folds for storage or travel. Great for shopping!

Seabrook Farms Creamed Spinach

Turn tonight's dinner into something special with Creamed Spinach, another of Seabrook Farms new frozen Prepared Vegetable Dishes. Imagine sun-ripened spinach in a savory sauce of pure creamery butter, dairy-fresh heavy cream and other fine ingredients. Seabrook Farms Creamed Spinach is conveniently frozen in the Seabrook Farms "Miracle-Pack" to lock-in all vitamins and nutrients. Just drop the pack in boiling water and minutes later, serve vegetables that make the meal. No hot ovens, no pots to wash.



Try Seabrook Farms Broccoli au Gratin, Asparagus Hollandaise, Baby Lima Beans in Cheese Sauce, Delmonico Potatoes, Creole Succotash, Beef Goulash, Breast of Chicken Cacciatore, Beef in Red Wine Sauce... at your frozen food cabinet.

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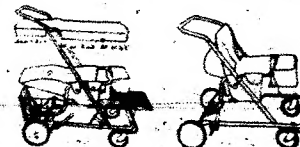


At Leading Stores

WELSH St. Louis World's only maker of the "Beeble-Buggy"

Welsh *Winkie*
SLEEPER! STROLLER! WALKER!

Now is the time to get baby out of doors and into the fresh air and sunshine. The best and easiest way to do it is to put baby in a Winkie Sleeper-Stroller. It's lightweight, rolls easily and folds for storage or travel. Great for shopping!



NOW...STAMP OUT ATHLETES FOOT PAINLESSLY AND BLOCK ITS RETURN!

New Mennen Quinsana Powder Works As No Liquid or Ointment Does!

Stinging liquids and harsh ointments can burn tender skin, slow down healing and expose your feet to serious reinfection. Mennen Quinsana Powder, with its medicated, germ-killing formula, goes to work immediately to stamp out athletes foot *painlessly*. It sets up a medicated powder barrier to guard against reinfection, too. Mennen Quinsana Powder dries the infection! Stops maddening itch! Stops painful burning! Stops ugly peeling! Mennen Quinsana Powder soothes as it heals. Even in the stubbornest cases Quinsana can bring amazingly fast relief! And, used daily, Quinsana blocks the return of athletes foot. Use Mennen Quinsana Powder liberally for the soothing and cooling comfort of daily foot care.



"I once knew a man who slept on a board most of his life," I said. "He spent a fortune in his last years trying to get the curve restored to his backbone."

Madge and I watched Harry ski, and after 45 minutes Phyllis brought their boat back to the dock. Harry sat huddled under a blanket.

"I think he caught a cold, and he's sniffling terribly," Phyllis said. She patted his shoulders affectionately. "He's the big brawny type that always gets sick. I'm going to take him to his house and bundle him off to bed. And I'll take care of him, for better or worse."

Madge's eyes widened. "Phyllis!"

"It's perfectly respectable," Phyllis said. "His mother will be there, too."

"I don't mean that," Madge said. "But the words you used. 'For better or worse.' And right in front of George, too. Your fiance."

Phyllis waved a hand. "Oh, that. Our engagement is off, isn't it, George?"

I cleared my throat. "My dear Phyllis, if you honestly feel that it is for the best, I will be the last one to . . ."

Madge's voice squeaked. "Everything's off? Just like that?"

Phyllis grinned. "It wasn't just like that. George has been working on it for the last year, haven't you, George?" Her eyes twinkled. "As a matter of fact, he's been at it ever since you came home from college, Madge."

" . . . to stand in your way," I

said. "Your happiness is my primary . . ."

"Now, 'George,' Phyllis said. "You don't have to go through a speech." She kept grinning. "After your water ski exhibition I thought it was about time I put you out of your misery." She turned to Madge. "What you don't know is that George used to be quite a water skier in college."

I smiled ruefully. "I didn't think you'd remember that, Phyllis. I haven't done any skiing in years."

"I'll get pneumonia if we stand here all day gabbing," Harry said miserably.

After they were gone, Madge regarded me warily.

I rubbed my neck. "Well, I thought it would be better if Phyllis were the one who broke the engagement. More gentlemanly on my part, you know. And then I didn't want to alienate any other member of her family."

"Oh?" she said carefully. "Her family?"

I felt a trifle uneasy. "I don't mean her father, her mother, her uncles or her aunts."

She was smiling faintly. "That leaves just . . .?"

"Precisely," I said. "If you don't mind?"

One of these days I'll have to show Madge that I really can water ski.

But for the present we both feel that being on the opposite ends of a towing rope would keep us just too far apart.

And we don't want that.

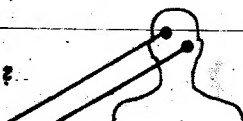
THE END



Stop all 9 kinds of ITCH the way doctors do!

WHERE

do you itch?



WHY

do you itch?

it is for the best, I will be the last one to . . ."

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Stop all 9 kinds of ITCH the way doctors do!

WHERE
do you itch?

- Face
- Ears
- Under Arms
- Arms
- Hands
- Body
- Groin
- Rectum
- Legs
- Toes

WHY
do you itch?

- Allergic Itch
- Nervous Itch
- Eczema Itch
- Rectal Itch
- Insect Bites
- Heat Rash
- Poison Ivy
- Sunburn Itch
- Pruritus

**CALAMATUM
BRINGS RELIEF BEST**

New formula contains 6 anti-itch ingredients
to soothe pain, speed healing, stop itch fast!

Science has developed a remarkable new formula that combines 6 anti-itch ingredients to relieve all 9 kinds of itch in seconds! This new medicated cream, called CALAMATUM® Ointment, actually stops itching and burning on contact—soothes pain and aids healing too. Effective even

on spreading itch like poison ivy, because it helps dry open weeping lesions; prevents spreading. Prevents risk of infection from scratching, too, because CALAMATUM turns into its own pink bandage—won't rub off until you wash it off! Get cooling, soothing CALAMATUM Ointment at all drugstores without prescription.



FORMS ITS OWN PINK BANDAGE

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NEW DASH MORE PROTEIN

Dogs need protein. Dash has protein. Far more than other leading dog foods. Liver, too (the meat dogs like best). Make sure your dog gets both. Feed new Dash. Made by Armour, the meat people.

